

Rapidly and silently they pursued their voyage along the shore in the darkness of night. They reached Dasamonquipo about day-break. They immediately landed, and surrounded the little village unobserved by the savages, who were sleeping or sitting about their wigwam fires. They now fell upon these poor wretches with great fury, discharging their muskets, and raising a loud shout.

The Indians were completely surprised, and fled into the swamps, like foxes. One of them was shot; and the English were now quite sure of having their expected revenge, by murdering the whole party. But, by some mere accident,—that of meeting with a savage who knew Stafford, I believe,—they found out that these Indians were their Croatan friends, instead of the blood-thirsty enemies for whom they had rashly and most unhappily taken them.

The Indians had come hither from Croatan, it seems, to gather the corn of the Dasamonquipo tribe, having understood that the latter had fled into the back country for fear of White's party. Some of the whites were more vexed than grieved with this tame result of their heroic enterprise. Manteo imputed it to the folly of the Dasamonquipoes, in retreating before they were hurt. Mr. White apologized civilly to the Croatans, for having murdered one of their number by a sad oversight. His twenty-four men, meanwhile, contented themselves with twisting off the ripe ears of the Indian corn, with which having stuffed their pockets, they valiantly marched off.